

SALEM, OHIO, MARCH 19, 1859.

... ..

to the great center of attraction. The basis of the

Thus, for illustration, the Republican party, whose creed may be thus stated:—Slavery is an evil, a political evil. We will tolerate it in the States, but not in the Territories—we will support it where it is, but fight against its extension. Hence, the party, refusing to take *principles* for its guide, must be governed solely by *policy*, which must usually assume a new and different form of action with every change of circumstances, but every member of the party may entertain different views of policy, and yet none be false to the organization. So whatever diversity of opinion or diversity of action there may be among its members, they have no right to try those opinions or actions by principle, but must refer them to policy for adjudication; and we are unable to perceive what right they have to condemn each other for such differences.

In the whole of Mr. Thayer's arguments, we have failed to find one frank and manly allusion to that feature of the Constitution, against which Mr. Sewall, though voting for the bill, "entered a solemn protest and a solemn warning. We have seen a declining vote, denounced as "unscrupulous, inhuman, and unchristian," for which "he could not vote without giving his own personal sanction to it."

It seems as if the constitution was designedly framed to assure the formal endorsement of Congress to carry the extra judicial decision of the Supreme Court, which declares, in effect, that negroes have no rights that white men are bound to respect. The pernicious principle was, in fact, embodied in the Constitution, apparently with the hope that Republicans enough could be moved, in view of their negligence or their indolence, to ensure its passage. To those who opposed to this principle, Mr. Thayer only replied that they are "quibbling about things which are not in our power to change. We are bound to carry out our duties here." This is a strong statement, but is not good logic. It will not satisfy the seventy five hundred good and true Republicans, who gave him their votes last Fall, who have a quiet confidence that their principles will be carried out.

Another objection is urged against the proposed constitution of Oregon which excludes negroes and mulattoes from that territory; and, in answer, provides that they shall not bring any suit there. It is said that this is in contravention of the Constitution of the United States. What if it is? I have said that the people of the Oregon Territory shall have the Constitution of the United States. I must admit that this is in contravention of the Constitution of the United States. I do not now know the point. But even if it were, I have never wished to support the Constitution of the United States, and not that anybody else shall do so.

But, sir, this provision is no more hostile to the proposed Oregon State Constitution than are the laws of Illinois and Wisconsin, which exclude free negroes and mulattoes from their boundaries. Certainly not. It is no more to exclude the suit of the man of color than the laws of himself. The negro cannot sue his master. The great majority of the free negroes of Illinois and Indiana are as unconstitutional as is the provision of the Oregon Constitution.

But it does seem, at the first view, to be in violation of the rights of those who are excluded from the Territory. I think there is no violation of the rights of the State of Illinois and Indiana. They

Is there an apology, then, for the people of Oregon? Have they committed a wanton and unprompted outrage upon the rights of negroes and mulattoes, in excluding them from that territory. I say that there is an apology, and the apology is this:—That they were obliged to choose between a free State constitution with this provision, and a slave state constitution without it. There were three parties in the territory at the time this constitution was made and adopted. There was the free State party, which was composed of free State Democrats and Republicans. There was the slavery party, in fact the pro-slave State. There was between these two, a very considerable party, supposed to hold the balance of power, and that party I say characterized as the anti-negro party. They said they would sooner vote for a slave State, than for a free State with a constitution admitting free negroes and mulattoes. They preferred to have a slave State, rather than a free State, because it was for the purpose of securing their vote for a free State that the Republican and free State Democrats inserted and advocated this provision. The leading Republicans of that territory advocated, so the stump, the adoption of the constitution with this clause.

From the foregoing it appears that the Republicans, and the Free State Democrats of Oregon *insisted* in the Constitution, and advocated the provision referred to, that when the instrument was submitted to the people for adoption or rejection, the leading Republicans advocated its adoption, and the Republican candidate for U. S. Senator made stump speeches in favor of the Constitution for which Mr. Thayer voted in Congress. Now, as an outsider, we should like to know why the Republicans of Oregon—the *first* trustees in this case—are permitted to go soot free, and Mr. Thayer, who only seconded the motion they had made, thus singled out for condemnation.

If Mr. Thayer needed the sanction of the Republican party as a National organization, to justify his precedent, his course, and to excuse any amount of violation of principle when demanded by policy, he could have found it. If he had gone to the Congressional record of a few years since, he would have found the names of every Republican member of the Lower House, then present—save one—recorded in favor of Dunn's bill, which provided for the legal establishment of slavery in Kansas for two years. These votes, of course, were not given because slavery was desired there, but upon the ground of policy, just as Mr. Thayer voted for the admission of Oregon. At the session of last year, he would have found the party representatives endorsing the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, and this too, when a short time before they had been baiting the Democrats for admitting it. But this we are told, was a stratagem—perhaps it was, a mere measure of policy, the doctrine of which Mr. Thayer applied to Oregon. All through the campaign of 1856, the Republican

STATE TREASURY.—The political paper, *Otto* is filled to overflowing with matters pertaining to the Treasury defalcation. First there is Bradin's individual statement, which is quite a voluminous document; then there is the report of the Investigating Committee, which is much more voluminous; and lastly, there is a vast amount of editorial stratterv upon the same. However interesting such investigations may be, whether originating in the case of National Legislators, we are not able to perceive of what practical benefit they are to the people. No efficient safe guards against Treasury pilfering or official corruption are likely to be adopted. Such developments as have recently been presented by Investigating Committees at Washington and Columbus, will be used as party capital, and what we apprehend will be the greatest result obtain therefrom.

TAKE NOTICE.—The attention of our subscribers generally is hereby drawn, is called to the longest notice we on our fourth page. We trust they will read understandingly.

New York.

"He said the opponents of the anti-slavery clause in Churches were known by their opposition to all legislation—to free speech and a free press. In the estimation of this class of persons all examination and stricture into the public acts of Bishops and Conferences was abuse of the power of the Church. For his part, while he respected Bishops, he should feel himself free to look into their administration, as his sense of duty might dictate, and be depressed that two Bishops at the Black Belt Conference refused to sign a petition to the General Assembly of Maryland for the pardon of John Green, a colored exhorter in the M. E. Church, who is now in the State's prison for having a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin in his possession. He thought their excuse for not signing it a flimsy one."

Would it be asking too much of Mr. Bristol that he be consistent? He says truly, others are robbed of their daughters if he is not, and he cannot deny that the Church and the Union protect the robbers. Ought he not then to blow them up; or if that is asking of him what he cannot do, ought he not to sever his connection with a church, and with a government which sustains robbery of the worst kind, which endorses as Christian and Democratic "the sum of all villainies?" This he can do. Has he done what he could?

That decision is very explicit, and very easily understood; but then what can Uncle Sam do, more than he has done? The U. S. authorities put S. M. Booth in prison, but he wouldn't stay put; they took his property, but it wouldn't stay put. We fully sympathize with our revered Uncle Sam in the vexation which this case has brought upon him, and fully agree with him that the Fugitive Slave Act is "clearly constitutional," but Wisconsin doesn't think so, and from present appearances she has pretty fully determined not to be convinced to the contrary. Her course in the matter is—as Uncle Sam says—"totally illegal and virtually revolutionary." But if she chooses to be illegal and revolutionary, who or what is to hinder it? Legal enactments didn't do it, and we infer that judicial decision will not. She has a strong kind of belief in the doctrine of State sovereignty, and we are almost forced to the conclusion that the history of the future efforts of the U. S. officials in Wisconsin, has been already written in their past experience, and may be comprehended in one word—*resistance*!

A CHRISTIAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was recently formed at Worcester, Mass. We wish the members thereof all success in their war against slavery, while at the same time we cannot but regret that their exclusiveness made them unwilling to labor with all who were ready to battle on the side of freedom. In one of their resolutions they "call the attention of the various local associations of the different evangelical denominations, in sympathy with this movement, to the objects of this Society." So it seems it is not only the Christian Anti-Slavery Society," but "an Evangelical Christian Anti-Slavery Society."

and it is possible that Daniel may have made some other mistakes.

DR. J. H. HIGLEY. We are glad to be able to lay before our readers a communication from Parker Pillsbury. He is so long absent himself from the columns of the *Herald*, we feared he had almost forgotten its existence. Our readers will rejoice with us to receive this proof to the contrary and we trust he will find all good letters and inclination to send at least an occasional word of cheer.

Truly a private note, our friend informs us that his health is better than usual, although he has not so constant attendance for a month or more, night and day, at the sick bed of his wife.

MR. JOHN PATTY of Ind., called honorable our courtesy—has been appointed as the successor the notorious Judge Lecompte of Kansas. He said to be quite as sound on the ground as was predecessor, so freedom has gained nothing by his appointment.

The notorious Stringfellow of Kansas, pronounced the author "A damned racist, but the best writer we ever had out West." Whether or not this is true, Mr. Redpath has certainly furnished a very graphic description of slavery as it is—a true picture of the original

PRECISELY AT A GLANCE.—As an evidence of progress in the education of the colored people in our country, and by way of encouragement to those who would aid and assist them, we must be permitted mention that the orthography of the letter upon our communications bearing the above caption was very fine, and our compositor has, in setting it, followed copy in orthography, punctuation, and every other particular. It seldom a communication so free from errors is sent to us for publication, excepting, of course, the few we receive from those who are in the constant habit of writing for press.

The magnificent Opera House just completed at Montreal, is said to be the finest in the United States. It cost half a million, and will seat three thousand people, with standing room for a thousand more.

A bill has passed the Upper House in the Canadian Parliament to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks between seven o'clock Saturday night, and eight o'clock Monday morning.

The Boston Female College, at the close of its annual term on Wednesday, conferred the degree M. D. upon Almira Fifield, Valparaiso, Ind.; Mary Ann Harris, Troy, N. H.; Mary Ann Wood Homer, Brimfield, Mass.; Elizabeth Taylor, Cohasset, N. Y.; Sarah A. Sheldon Wetherbee, Marlston, Mass.

Haubert, a young man of color from Hayti, gained the highest prize—the prize of honor—the concurrence of all the colleges in France, at Paris. On the reception of this news, the Emperor immediately sent him one hundred and fifty handsomely bound volumes. A company of Imperial Guards were dispatched to wait upon him with a band of music, and he was invited line, and did dine with the Minister of Public Instruction, occupying a place between his lady, Princess Napoleon. Besides this young man, other young Haytiens also took prizes.

IMPROVEMENT FOR DEBT IN RHODE ISLAND.—
report of the inspectors of the Rhode
and State Prison states that nearly all
debt persons were confined for debt in the
Providence County Jail during the year 1886, and
the Providence Journal remarks:
The imprisonment of so many men among fel-
ons of the worst stamp is a disgrace to the State,
and the General Assembly ought not to adjourn
without providing some remedy for so great a
wrong. This system of imprisonment for debt is

MR. WARDMAN'S AFRICANS.—In the course of article under this head, *The Savannah Republican* asks what is to be done with the two African now lying prisoners in the Chatham County Jail, and says that the act of 1817 authorizes the Governor of the State of Georgia, upon information that Africans have landed within the limits of the State, "to appoint a Commissioner or Commissioners who shall take them in possession, and convey them to Milledgeville, where the Governor,

FANNAN, March 10.—Many Rumors are affixed to the capture of a portion of the Af-
landed by the clever Wanderer by the
and State officers. It is said that they were
from the comedy of the officers and subse-
quently recaptured. It is feared that the contest
result in bloodshed.

BYLAND MARCH 10.—The Commissioners assisted by the Legislature to investigate Breslin's situation in the State Treasury today made a preliminary report. The report Breslin's Commissioner states that he has estimated two hundred thousand dollars, and proposed to repay into the treasury. He declares he never received one hundred and fifty thousand dollars charged him. The balance, about two hundred thousand dollars, was lost chiefly by loans to insolvent railroad companies by selling through the State Treasury and selling through the State, various other banking projects in Ohio, Iowa, Virginia and Maryland. The report also discloses Breslin's predecessor, Bliss, in similar transactions, and Gibson, Breslin's successor, in aiding Breslin to conceal his defalcation.

By late foreign arrivals we learn that the fears of a general continental war are growing strong. France is active in all her arsenals and dock yards, manufacturing arms and building war vessels. Austria is also on the alert.

Books can be obtained, every Friday, of
J. C. Truescott, at Steer's Book Store on Main
st., Salem, Ohio.

Chicago, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad

Going East.		
Chicago,	5:30 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
Restline,	5:30 p.m.	8:00 a.m.
Illianee,	9:35 :	1:41 p.m.
Salem,	10:26 :	2:21 a.m.
Columbiana,	10:49 :	2:45 :
IVE AT		1:47 :
Pittsburgh,	1:25 a.m.	5:30 a.m.
		4:25 :

23 Fifth Street, Pittsburgh.
FOR
STATE OF OHIO
The Office of the Sup't of the Eastern Division,
At Cressline.
FOR
STATE OF INDIANA,
The Office of the Sup't of the Western Division
At Fort Wayne.
AND FOR
STATE OF ILLINOIS

land & Pittsburgh Railroad Time Table.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT ALLIANCE,

	Going South.	Going North.
Train,	10:58 A. M.	11:56 A. M.
er,	8:02 P. M.	6:42 P. M.
st,	11:46 A. M.	11:46 A. M.

election for Mission Directors to serve the year, will be held at the same place, on Friday the 30th proximo, at 10 o'clock. A. M. Transfer Buoys will be closed from the 11st to 1st of March, both inclusive; and the hold Stock in the Ohio and Pennsylvania, Ohioans, or Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, which has not been converted into stock of the new company at that time, will entitled to vote at said election. Stockholders presenting their certificates of stock in this

underground, having secured the services of
one as cutter, will carry on the clothing
business at the old stand, and would solicit a share
of public patronage.
J. HOLLOWAY.
March 12, 1869.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.
Office and Residence four doors West of WHIT
BY A FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South
of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.
Salem, July 31st. 1858.

CONTAINING the chapters which have appeared in the *Evening Post* on that subject, with some or twelve additional chapters of great interest, neat 12mo. vol. of 350 pages, illustrated with original and spirited engravings. Price \$1.

Liberal discount to booksellers and agents who buy the book in large quantities, and copies sent *ad lib.* post paid, on receipt of \$1. Early applications, that we may be the better prepared to regulate the number required for the second issue.

MRS. CHURCH,
Botanic Medicine,
HIGH STREET, SALEM, OHIO.

Geo. W. Alany,
AMBROTYPE AND
DAQUERRIAN ARTIST
SCHILLINGS' BLOCK,
Main Street, Salem, Ohs.
em. June 22, 1858.

THE GOOD OLD
OHIO CULTIVATOR
For 1859,
beginning right along, and began its fifteenth year
the 1st of January, to which every body is

C. Whinery, D. D. S.,
removed his office to the corner of
MAIN AND BROADWAY,
STORY, (ENTRANCE FROM BROADWAY, AT THE
END OF THE BUILDING) for the purpose of so-
increased facilities for the practice of De

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CLOTHING AND
CLOTH HOUSE.
We are the largest assortment, BEST MADE
lowest Stock of

Furnishing Goods of every description of
goods received from the East Monthly.
STABEY & CO.
Solemn, June 1880.
AND WEBSTERS SEWING MACHINES FOR SALE.

Miscellaneous.

A KIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Our boarding house is not a common boarding house, nor are our boarders common boarders. I do not wish to convey the idea, that there is anything peculiarly uncommon about us or our house, only that we reside in an aristocratic portion of the town, and consider ourselves, on the whole, rather a select set.

But, however select a company may be, the fact that they are select is not an infallible proof that nothing respectable can occur among them.

This has been especially proven in our case. We have just been deeply agitated, excited, shocked! Happily for the reputation of our place, the affair of which I speak had a gratifying termination.

In our boarding house resides an inveterate old bachelor named Wigley. Mr. Wigley is by no means such a person as some people invariably represent old bachelors to be, neither in appearance nor disposition. He is a portly, middle-aged, good natured, fun-loving, sociable fellow, and like the society of the ladies far better than three-fourths of the married men. Mr. and Mrs. Pickleby are also of our company; the former, a commission merchant, is a very respectable sort of man; exceedingly fond of his wife, and withal, a little inclined to jealousy; the latter is a beautiful and affectionate creature, who dotes upon her husband, and isn't jealous at all.

One day last week, Miss Celestia Nobbs, another of our boarders, and a maiden lady of thirty-five or thereabouts—heard a noise in the hall below, and stepping out of her apartment, she leaned over the banisters, to see what was the cause of it. She distended her neck like a crane to its utmost limit, and listened with breathless interest.

"I am so glad you are come!" she heard a voice, which she at once recognized as Mrs. Pickleby's exclamation; and the next moment she saw that lady pass beneath her to meet a gentleman, of whom she could get but a partial view. Then a loud kiss was given, and Mrs. Pickleby said, in a somewhat low tone of voice:

"Come with me—come to my room—Mr. Pickleby is at his office, and I am alone."

Then, both started to ascend the stairs, and Miss Nobbs hastened to withdraw into her room, but not before she had caught a better glimpse of the man who was with Mrs. Pickleby, and discovered in him, as she thought, no other than Wigley. That gentleman had been absent in the country for a week, and she had seen him, on his return, not more than an hour previous, enter the house.

Miss Celestia Nobbs is one of those pure and immaculate beings the chief desire of whose hearts is that nothing sinful shall occur on earth, and who, feeling themselves to be spotless, philanthropically, as they seem to imagine, spend their time in prying into the affairs of other people, and dictating to them the course they should pursue.

"Ah! he!" said the spinster, as she closed the door of her room, and walked on up to her room, "it's come to this, has it? I always thought there was something more than everybody knew going on between the two."

She sat for half an hour in deep meditation upon the matter, and then she arose and moved toward the door.

"If the wicked shameless creature thinks," said Miss Nobbs to herself, "if she has the faintest idea that such actions will be suffered in this house, she will find herself mistaken, I can assure you."

She heard footsteps without, and as she passed into the hall, she saw Mr. Wigley descending the stairs, and heard him leave the house.

"Left her, have you?" she uttered, under breath. "Well, well, I never expected to witness such goings on—never! But you're found out—you'll know—both of you!"

She hastened to the room of Miss Dobbs, on the floor above. Miss Dobbs is a confidante of Miss Nobbs, a few years older than herself, and a few degrees chimer in person; Miss Nobbs was gratified to find Mrs. Briggs in company with her friend on the occasion.

Mrs. Briggs is a widow lady of some twelve years standing who had long endeavored—it is generally believed by nearly all the house—to captivate and ensnare in the meshes of matrimony, Mr. Wigley.

Miss Nobbs smiled mysteriously, as she entered, and carefully closing the door, she seated herself beside her friends.

"I am glad to find you together," she said, "for I have a thing of the greatest importance to make known."

"Do tell," exclaimed Miss Dobbs with an eager air, "what is it?"

"Something you'll be surprised to know. Oh, it is the most wonderful thing in the world; how deceptive some people can be! I never in all my life—"

"But what is it?" cried both the ladies in a breath.

"The most shameful goings on ever witnessed, I'll be sworn!" replied the excited virgin; in so impressive a manner that the curiosity of her listeners became unendurable. Then pausing a moment, to let her words take full effect, Miss Nobbs looked solemnly from one to the other, and continued:

"Will you believe it, ladies, when I tell you, that I saw with my own eyes, Mr. Pickleby in the hall below with a—man?"

"You don't say it!" uttered Miss Dobbs. "Shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Briggs.

"True every word; but that isn't all; I heard them give a kiss, and Mrs. Pickleby invited him to her room!"

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated the listeners simultaneously, elevating their hands in horror and surprise.

"Yes," she told them she was alone—that Mr. Pickleby was not at home—and so, they went off together. Oh! it's almost incredible, such shameful conduct!"

"The most unbecoming thing!" exclaimed the widow indignantly.

"Such wickedness!" rebuked Miss Dobbs. "But who is it she is with?"

"Mr. Wigley!"

"It is possible?"

Mrs. Briggs was stricken dumb by the announcement of the name, and for a few moments gave some tokens of an intention to swoon; but thinking better of it, she refrained.

"This is a terrible thing!" said Miss Nobbs earnestly, after enjoying in full the sensation she had created.

"Terrible, indeed!" uttered Miss Dobbs.

"And not to be borne!" exclaimed the indignant widow, her face assuming a very obnoxious tint as she spoke.

"It must not be borne," said the spinster, "the reputation of the house will not allow such things to pass unnoticed!"

"And our reputation!" affirmed the other maid.

"Think what we should be made to suffer," cried

the widow, "if it should become known that we live in the midst of such infamous scenes!"

"Our characters are not to be tried with this!" exclaimed Miss Nobbs, with a determined air, "and this thing must not be suffered to stop here."

"Poor Mr. Pickleby!" sighed Miss Dobbs, "pity him from my heart!"

"And so do I," said the widow; "for I dare say he has not the least suspicion of his wife's perfidiousness."

"He must know it," uttered Miss Nobbs, speaking in a low and deliberate tone of voice.

"You are right, he must know it; but how?" inquired Miss Dobbs.

"We must tell him!"

"Will it be proper?"

"It will be doing our duty."

"Yes," said Mrs. Briggs, "it will be but the performance of a Christian duty. We must tell him!"

"And I, for one, am ready to go and perform that duty," remarked Miss Nobbs, with as much and resigned a look, as if she had taken it upon herself to suffer at the stake.

"And I," said the widow.

"O, I will accompany you; I am sure I only want to do what is right," said Miss Dobbs submissively.

"Then let us go at once!"

"Yes," the mother-in-law has his mind disordered in respect to his wife, the better."

Forth accordingly, the immaculate trio sailed as soon as they could make the necessary preparations, and bent their course toward the store of Mr. Pickleby, in the lower part of the city.

The merchant was busily engaged in the transaction of some business, when he saw the three ladies approach him. He suspended operations and inquired what happy circumstances had brought them thither.

"It is a sad errand on which we are come," said Miss Nobbs, shaking her head with a very melancholely air.

"A dreadful errand!" affirmed Miss Dobbs, dubiously.

"A more dreadful errand you could not imagine!" added Mrs. Briggs, making a strong effort to shudder.

"For mercy's sake, ladies," cried the alarmed man, turning pale, "what is it?"

"In the first place, Mr. Pickleby," said the first spinster, "we wish to assure you that you have our warmest sympathies—that we feel for you."

"From the very bottom of our hearts," added the elder maiden.

"And nothing but a deep sense of duty," remarked the widow, "has induced us to take the step we have, in order to reveal to you such distressing news."

"What is it? what is it?" exclaimed the merchant, frantically. "Don't keep me in suspense; what has happened?"

"Your wife," uttered Miss Nobbs, in a significant tone.

"Yes, Mr. Pickleby, your wife!" repeated the other two in a breath.

Mr. Pickleby staggered backwards, while a look of dreadful terror overspread his features.

"My wife!" he gasped, "what of my wife? Is she sick? Is she dead?"

Miss Dobbs closed her eyes, and shook her head slowly.

"Then why do you alarm me so? what would you have me to understand?"

"Is there not something that to your noble mind, is worse than death?"

"Eh! what—what do you mean?"

"Disobedience!"

"But Mrs. Pickleby, she—she—"

"Mr. Pickleby, your wife is deceiving you!"

"Crucelly, shamefully, deceiving you!" ejaculated Miss Dobbs.

"Undoubtedly, and in a manner not to be borne," said the widow.

Mr. Pickleby looked from one to the other in speechless agony.

"Briefly," said Miss Nobbs, "while you are absent, your wife is receiving the attention of other men."

"We have noticed with grief," continued Miss Nobbs, "that one of our sex should so far forget her modesty as to do as she has done."

"And for that reason," added Mrs. Briggs, "as I have already said, we determined to acquaint you with the fact."

"How do you know this?" cried the merchant, in a voice of rage. "Are you certain of what you say?"

"Quite," answered Miss Nobbs; "I saw your wife this morning with Mr. Wigley, in the hall; heard them kiss, and together they went to your room."

"Wigley! Do you mean to say Wigley is the man?"

"Wigley!" repeated Miss Nobbs emphatically.

"The odious villain!" cried Pickleby, raising his hat as he spoke. "He shall repent it—he shall repent it—bitterly!"

He rushed from the store as he spoke, leaving his informants in the most unceremonious manner. They quickly proceeded hurriedly, congratulating each other that they had evidently been the means of putting down a giant of iniquity.

Mr. Wigley has an office in Broadway. Mr. Pickleby, soon after his interview with the ladies, stood in the presence of Mr. Wigley, who smiled and offered his hand to the other. Mr. Pickleby with every expression of scorn and hate declined to touch it.

"Permit me to inform you," said the merchant, almost choking with rage, "that I know all!"

Mr. Wigley looked at the speaker with astonishment.

"Yes, sir," continued the excited Pickleby, "I know all, and I'm not such a blundered ass as to suffer it to pass with impunity."

Whereupon, before the other could utter a word, he gave Mr. Wigley such a blow on the head as to stagger him not a little, and, before he could recover from his surprise, it was followed by another blow on the other side of his head, which made his ears ring in a most wonderful manner.

This was rather too much for the good natured Mr. Wigley, and he hurried himself to the task and commenced a retaliation. Being nearly double in the weight of his antagonist, he soon had it all his own way; and, to be brief, in less than ten minutes Mr. Pickleby cried loudly for quarter, admitting himself to be as well whipped a man as he had ever encountered.

"And now," said Wigley, after helping his adversary to his feet, "now that our affair is settled, please tell me what I have done for you?"

"For intruding with my wife, as you well know," replied the defeated but still indignant man.

"It's a lie!" said Wigley.

"It's the truth," responded Pickleby, and I can prove it."

"You can't do it. Come, we will go and see Mrs. Pickleby herself, and show me a witness if you can."

Mr. Pickleby washed the blood from his face, arranged his disordered garments as well as he could, and accompanied Mr. Wigley home.

Miss Nobbs, Miss Dobbs, and Mrs. Briggs were called, and an explanation demanded by the accused Wigley. Miss Nobbs persisting in the truth of what she uttered, the whole party, at the request of the injured husband, proceeded in his wife's apartment.

Mrs. Pickleby, to the surprise of all, was not alone; a man was with her. As soon as Mr. Pickleby saw him he smiled, and advanced and shook him by the hand.

"My brother," said he, turning to those who had followed him.

Miss Nobbs' face became crimson.

"I fear," she stammered, "that I have unintentionally made a mistake. This must be the gentleman I saw, and he is so unlike Mr. Wigley, that I was led to believe he was no other. I beg pardon."

As the trio of ladies took their departure, Mr. Pickleby was heard to utter direful maledictions upon the heads of all meddling, busy-tongued scandal-mongers; but he soon recovered his temper, explained the whole affair to his wife, joined heartily in the laugh that was raised at his expense, and ended by inviting Wigley to join their party that evening in a game of whist.

FORETHOUGHT.

If a man faints away, instead of falling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is a barbarity, and suits the clothing unnecessarily.

The philosophy of a fainting fit is, the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain; if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up, and, if by lying down, it has to be projected horizontally—which requires less power, is apparent.

If a person swallows a poison, deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multi-tudinous and incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for a doctor; meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a tea-spoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it in an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture, and in a second or two you will come the poison. This will answer in a larger number of cases than any other. If, by this time, the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the whites of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee (because these nullify a large number of poisons) than any other accessible articles, as antidotes for remaining in the stomach. If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spurts or jerks, *per se*, as doctors say, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician; say nothing, cut with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around, tighter and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But stop, it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and slow, and on the other hand, the tie should be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the vein flows towards the heart, and there is no need of such great hurry. —Halt's Journal of Health.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen

With the gambrel roof, and the gable looking westward to the green.

At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,

Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of tonight.

Ah! how I remember the evening when it came!

What a cry of eager voices, what a group of checks in flame,

When the woodwork box was opened that had come from over seas,

With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,

For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy.

Till the father asked for quiet, in his grave paternal way,

But the mother hushed the tumult, with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;

She had sprinkled it o'er sorrow, and seen its brow grow calm.

In the days of slender harpichords with tapping, tinkling quills,

Or scribbling to her spinnet, with its thin metallic thrills,

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,

Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.

Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,

As flowing from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

—Catherine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy red.

(Wedded since, and a widow—something like ten years dead.)

Hearing a gush of music such as never heard before,

Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,—

"Open it! open it, lady," the little maiden cries.

(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard.)

"Open it! open it, lady, and let me see the bird!"

Richard Randolph, a cousin of John Randolph of Roanoke, died in Miami Township, Ohio, on the 31st of January. The deceased, who was as eccentric as his more celebrated cousin, was an old bachelor, and had resided on the Randolph tract, Ohio, for twenty-five years. He leaves a property, mostly in land, valued at \$30,000, to be expended in the purchase and freedom of the slaves now owned in the Randolph family, and those, with their offspring, formerly owned by the Randolph family, which slaves are to be set free, and the estate is not to be touched in this purchase, the balance to be applied to the use and benefit of said slaves.

IOWA NO MAN A DOLLAR.

Oh do not envy, my own dear wife, The wealth of our next-door neighbor, But bid me still to be stout of heart, And cheerfully follow my labor.

You must know the last of those little debts That have been our lingering sorrow, Is paid this night! So we'll both go forth With happier hearts to-morrow.

Oh, the debtor is but a shame-faced dog, With the creditor's name on his collar; While I am a king and you are a queen, For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day, With his wife and his flouncing daughter, While we sat down at our coverless board, To a crust and a cup of water.

I saw that the tear-drop stood in your eye, Though you tried your best to conceal it; I knew that the contrast reached your heart, And you could not help but feel it;

But knowing now that our scanty fare Has freed my neck from the collar, You'll join my laugh, and help me shout, That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor whose show has dazzled your eyes, Is in fact a wretched debtor; I pity him off from my very heart, And wish that his lot were better.

Why, the man is the veriest slave alive, For his dashing wife and daughter Will live in style, though ruin should come— So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter;

But he feels it tighter every day, That terrible debtor's collar; Oh, what would he give could he say with us, That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more; Within two hours I met him Soaking away with a frightened air, As if a fiend had beset him.

Yet he fled from a very worthy man, Whom I met with the greatest pleasure— When I called by name and forced to stop, Though he said he was not at leisure.

He held my last note! so I held him fast 'Till he freed my neck from the collar; Then I shook his hand as I proudly said, "Now I owe no man a dollar!"

Oh! now you smile, for you feel the force Of the truth I have been repeating; I know that a downright honest heart In that gentle breast was beating!

To-morrow I'll rise, with a giant's strength, To follow my daily labor; But ere we sleep, let us humbly pray For our wretched next-door neighbor;

And we'll pray for the time when all shall be free From the weight of the debtor's collar— When the poorest will lift up his voice and cry, "Now I owe no man a dollar!"

ELEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE

Suppose the English language to be divided into a hundred parts, of these, to make a rough distribution, sixty would be Latin, thirty would be Greek; and the other five, perhaps too large a residue, to be divided among all the other languages from which we have adopted isolated words.

Thus, to enumerate a few of these latter, we have a certain number of Hebrew words, mostly, if not entirely, belonging to religious matters, as "amen, hallel, ephod, hallelujah, jubilee, manna, messiah, Sabbath, seraph."

The Arabic words in our language are more numerous; we have several arithmetical and astronomical terms, as "algebra, cipher, zero, zenith, nadir, salisman, and almanack; and chemical, for the Arabs were the chemists, no less than the astronomers and arithmeticians, of the middle ages, as "alkali, alchemy, elixir, alcohol" and to these the names of animals or articles of merchandise first introduced by them to the notice of Western Europe, "giraffe, gazelle, saffron, lemon, orange, sherry, lute, syrup, artichoke, maitre, jar, assega, baragan, coffee, sugar, amber, mummy, jacinth, crim-ron," and some further terms, "assassin, vizier, divan, sultan, admiral, arsenal, caret, tariff, sofa, coffee, magazine," and I believe we shall have completed the list. We have, moreover, a few Persian words, as "bazar, hlan, pagoda, caravan, assure, scarlet, taffie, saraband," &c. "scimitar," it can, I believe, only be said, that it is Eastern.

We have also a few Turkish, as "tulip, torban, chouse, dragoman," or, as it used to be spelled, "trunchman," this last having hardly a right to be called English.

The New World has given us a certain number of words, Indian and other—"tobacco, chocolate, potato, maize" (Haytian) "condor, hamacacique, wigwag, and if "hurricane" is a word which Europe originally derived from the Caribbean islanders, it should, of course, be included in this list.

To come nearer home, we have a certain number of Italian words, as "bandit, christian, pontoon, galle, " "We have some Spanish, as "mascuete, negro, duenna, penitillo, alligator, gala, gambler, calaveras." A good many of our sea terms are Dutch, as "sloop, schooner, yacht." Celtic words are for the most part designated among us by Celtic words, such as "bard, kiln, clan, pibroch, plaid, reel." Nor only such as these, which are all of their comparative modern introduction, but a considerable number—how large a number is yet a very unsettled question—of words which at a much earlier date found admission into our tongue, are derived from this quarter. —English Past and Present.

SCATTER THE SEEDS OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Whisper the gems of the beautiful! By the wayside let them fall, That the roses may spring up by the cottage gate, And the vine by the garden wall.

Cover the rough and rude of earth With a veil of leaves and flowers, And mark, with the opening bud and cup, The march of the summer hours.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful! In the holy shrine of home; Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there In the loveliest lustre come.

Leave not a place of deformity In the temple of the heart, But gather about its earthy gems Of Nature and of Art.

Sarah Mallory, a slave belonging to the estate of the late Capt. James Gilbert, died in Norfolk, on the 25th inst. in the 128th year of her age. Her youngest child, who is the last of the family, attended her funeral. He is 88 years of age. The elder woman (so says *The Day Book*) was a slave never in the Scriptures until her 111th year, when she became converted, and was baptized.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Mrs. M. C. K. Arter, Salineville, Ohio.
Mrs. C. L. Morgan, Sylvester, Green Co., Wis.
Phoebe T. Merritt, Ionia, Michigan.
Samuel Hayball, Adrian, Michigan.
Harriet Fuller, Livonia.

Isaac N. Hadden, Plymouth, "
Samuel D. Moore, Ypsilanti, "
John D. Zimmerman, Union City, Michigan.
Thos. Foa, McKay Grove, "
Phoebe H. Merritt, Battle Creek, "
Henry Cornell, Bedford, "
Abraham Powers, Farmington, "
R. Glasgow, Ann Arbor, "
Thomas C. Haighton, Edinburgh, Ohio.
Joseph Puckett, Winchester, Indiana.
Wm. Hearn, Brighton, Indiana.
G. L. Gale, Northport, Indiana.
Wm. Hopkins, Fremont, "
Elizabeth Morse, Angola, "
Henry Bowman, Johnstown, Barry Co. Mich.
Daniel Earle, Newton Falls, Ohio.

LOOK THIS WAY.

18 lbs. choice N. O. Sugar,
30 lbs. choice N. O. Molasses,
50 cans best ground Rio Coffee,
6 chests choice Y. H. Tea,
3 chests assorted Black Tea,
30 boxes prime Rice,
40 drums prime Eggs,
1 oak Prunes,
10 boxes Raisins,
1 oak English Currants,
6 boxes Currants,
200 lbs. Cream